

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy by Inked Snow

Chapter 1673

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Luna and Jim immediately frowned upon hearing this as they exchanged glances.

Joshua...was going to be attending the wedding as well?

Seeing that Luna did not reply, Cheryl grew even more delighted. She glanced at Luna with a smirk on her face and said, "Now you finally know the truth, huh? I've already told you: President Lynch likes adorable, considerate women like me. As for a sI"t like you..."

She rolled her eyes. "He's just toying around with you."

As soon as she finished her sentence, Cheryl's lackeys added, fanning, "That's right; no woman is a match for our precious Cheryl!"

"No one can surpass her..."

"Don't bite off more than you can chew."

Jim curled his lips into a small smile when he heard this.

He crossed his arms at his chest and stared at Cheryl with a mischievous look. "I didn't know Joshua Lynch's type was women like you."

Cheryl puffed her chest out haughtily. "Of course!"

Jim gave her a once-over and turned to point at the most expensive dress in the store. "Shall we buy this dress, Luna?"

"If you wear this dress, you'll definitely steal the limelight tonight, and no amount of adorable, considerate women can compete with you."

Luna furrowed her brows and glanced at the dress. "Never mind."

"If I were to attend the wedding with Joshua tonight, then I might consider buying it, but..."

Jim curled his lips into a smirk. "Why don't you try it on?" Luna glanced at Cheryl with a helpless look. "Nevermind." Cheryl overheard every single word of this conversation. She bit her lip and glanced at the price tag of the dress.

It was way above her budget.

Just as she was about to leave, however, her lackeys started to chant, "Come on, Cheryl, buy this dress."

"Some people are jealous because they can't attend the wedding as President Lynch's plus-one in this dress, but you can!"

"This dress will look so much better on you than on her!"

Cheryl had no reason to reject them anymore.

Even if the dress were out of her budget, she would have to live with it anyway.

None of this mattered, as long as she became Joshua Lynch's most dazzling plus-one tonight!

She turned to summon a salesperson, feeling somewhat confused. "I want to try on this dress."

The salesperson smiled at her. "The fitting room is this way, Miss."

After Cheryl and her lackeys disappeared into the fitting room, Luna and Jim exchanged a knowing smile and left the store together.

This mall was actually owned by Jim, so naturally, all of the stores inside it were part of his own as well.

The dress that they had pointed to had been hanging inside the store for two years, having never been bought because of its absurd price point.

"You're such a bad person." Luna could not help laughing as soon as she came out of the store.

Jim raised his brows. "It takes one to know one." The two of them sat down in a café.

After laughing about their encounter with Cheryl, Jim suddenly grew puzzled. "Why would Joshua be interested in Heather and Malcolm's wedding?"

Luna furrowed her brows.

Suddenly, she recalled the conversation she had heard when she called Joshua last night when the senior management of his company had been reporting their plans to him.

She bit her lip and took a sip of her coffee.

Maybe Joshua wanted to be there at Malcolm's wedding and watch with his own eyes as the Quinn family went broke before him...

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"What's wrong?" asked Jim with a frown on his face when he noticed that Luna was zoning out.

Luna quickly shook her head. "Nothing."

Truthfully, she wanted to tell Jim what she had overheard on the phone since the Quinn and Landry families were a single unit, and if the Quinn family went broke, it would affect the Landry family too.

However, after second thought, she stopped herself from doing so.

After all, she was not going to be a Landry anymore tonight.

The only two people she cared for in the Landry family were Rosalyn and Jim, but at this point, Rosalyn was already in Lincoln City, and Jim had also left Landry Group and started his own career elsewhere.

She had no reason to care about the Landry family anymore.

That evening, at Starhill Hotel.

Malcolm and Heather's wedding commenced as planned.

There was a large banner announcing their wedding strung across the entrance of the hall, and there was even a giant wedding photo of the two of them hung next to it.

Everyone who passed by and caught sight of the names and faces of the bride and groom would lament what a beautiful couple this was.

However, at this moment, the star of tonight was feeling as frustrated as ever.

Thud!

Inside the makeup room, Heather slammed her makeup box against the mirror next to it and screamed, "What on earth is going on?"

When she had gone to sleep this morning, the only thing on her neck was the red fingerprints that Luna and Malcolm had left, but at this very hour, it had become an ulcerating wound!

The blister fluid was mixed in with bright red blood, and together, they were seeping out of the small holes on her skin, emanating a horrendous scent.

The makeup artist next to her was stunned by this sight. She stammered timidly, "Ms. Landry, why don't... Why don't I call in a doctor? It looks...quite serious."

Heather turned to glare at her. "The guests have all entered the hall now, and there are guests and reporters crawling everywhere!"

"If you call a doctor into the makeup room right now, what will everyone think of me? Do you want everyone to know what happened to my neck?"

With that, she fixated her gaze on the usually soft, rosy skin of her neck and narrowed her eyes. "Get me some antiseptic, and wrap a ribbon around my neck after you clean it!"

After all, Malcolm, too, had told her not to wear any jewelry on her neck and instead just tie a ribbon for decoration.

The makeup artist quickly nodded. "Okay...I'm on it!" With that, she quickly found Heather some antiseptic.

The sting of the antiseptic on Heather's wound put her in so much pain that her entire body trembled.

She narrowed her eyes and stared at her reflection in the mirror.

What happened?

Her neck had only been choked by Luna and Malcolm...

Suddenly, Heather recalled that she had put on some ointment that Charles had given her onto her neck.

As soon as she thought of this, she found her handbag and handed the tube of ointment, which was covered in foreign writing, to the makeup artist. "Help me check and see what this is."

After taking the tube from Heather and glancing at it, the makeup artist started to shake. "Ms. Landry, this medicine..."

She continued in a trembling voice, "It says here that...this medicine will speed up the skin's decaying process... It'll cause wounds to ulcerate after approximately ten hours... and is to be used with caution..."

Heather's entire body froze.

She snatched the ointment back and stared in shock at the logo on the packaging.

She remembered.

This was the ointment that Malcolm had bought to slather all over Rosalyn!

What was it doing in Charles' hands?

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When Luna showed up at Starhill Hotel, arm-in-arm with Jim, it was less than an hour from the start of the wedding ceremony.

The two of them registered their names at the front desk. Jim declared their names to the hostess impatiently.

Luna, on the other hand, started glancing around the venue as her hold remained on Jim.

The venue of the wedding was decorated very extravagantly.

Heather was right: She and Malcolm's wedding was indeed far more luxurious and extravagant than Luna and Malcolm's engagement party.

Just as Luna was looking around the place, a black Masevati pulled up at the hotel entrance.

Standing at the entrance, Luna immediately caught sight of the woman that had gotten out of the car.

Cheryl was indeed wearing the dress that Jim had tricked her into buying that afternoon.

However...

The dress was totally inappropriate for her.

Cheryl was a delicate and graceful woman, but this dress was more daring and suited for mature women, so it did not look good on her at all.

It did not look good on her at all so much that, from afar, she appeared like a child wearing her mother's dress.

Luna refused to believe that Joshua had not noticed this.

If he truly cared about Cheryl, he would never allow her to wear such an inappropriate dress. Still, judging from the triumphant look on her face at this moment, Luna knew that not only did Joshua not point out her flaws, but he had even given her compliments.

Otherwise, she would not be so delighted at all.

Luna remained motionless as she watched Joshua getting out of the car, dressed entirely in black.

His gaze did not remain on Cheryl, who had snaked her arm around his, and instead fell onto Luna.

Their gazes met.

Luna curled her lips into a polite smile.

"Shall we go in?" Jim asked rather frustratedly after explaining countless times to the hostess how to spell his name.

He glanced at Luna, frowning, and followed her gaze—

He could not help guffawing when he caught sight of Cheryl. "Had she really bought the dress? If I remember correctly, it cost about two hundred thousand dollars.

"Didn't you say this woman is just a secretary working for Joshua? Does Joshua pay his secretaries that high of a salary?"

Luna curled her lips into a smirk, glancing at him. Then, she turned and strode into the hall, holding Jim's arm. "What do you know about women? If this dress allows her to stand out next to Joshua, and he falls in love with her, two hundred thousand will no longer be an issue."

Jim fell silent for a moment, then smirked. "You're right; this is an investment.

"Although I must say, that dress has been hanging in that store for two years now, so don't you think it was an outstanding achievement for me to be able to sell it off?"

Jim and Luna did not lower their voices while speaking, and they were not far from where Joshua and Cheryl were standing, so naturally, Cheryl had overheard every word of their conversation.

Her expression darkened.

It was at this moment she finally realized that she had been tricked!

She glared at Luna with a look of hatred.

Two hundred thousand was not a small amount of money for her.

She had only managed to buy that dress after swiping all of her credit cards!

Initially, she thought that this dress would allow her to stand out among the crowd and let everyone think that she was Joshua's girlfriend.

However, it turned out that it had all been a part of Luna and the evil man's plan!

Joshua furrowed his brows when he caught sight of the look in Cheryl's eyes as she stared at Luna.

He said in a low voice as he strode toward the hotel entrance, "Cheryl."

When Joshua called her name, Cheryl quickly composed herself and replied in a sweet, gentle voice, "Yes, I'm here, President Lynch. Is there anything I can help you with?"

"What I told you last night was very clear, wasn't it?" Joshua stared in the direction in front of him and continued in an impassive voice, without even a single hint of emotion, "The only woman I love is my ex-wife, and there will never be anyone else."

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"The reason I had asked you to come with me was that I couldn't be bothered to find someone else to be my plus- one.

"Don't waste your time on me, and don't get jealous of other people because of me."

Joshua thought that he was being extremely clear, but to Cheryl, this was not what she understood at all.

She snickered internally as she nodded obediently in reply to his words.

All men were liars.

Joshua claimed that the only woman he loved was his ex- wife, the mother of his children...but what about Luna?

She was not his ex-wife either, was she?

Previously, Cheryl had heard from some of her colleagues, who had come from Banyan City, that Joshua's ex-wife had died six years ago.

Since Joshua could fall for Luna, why could he not fall for her, too?

As soon as she thought of this, Cheryl let out an exhale and curled her lips into a gentle smile. "Don't worry, President Lynch; I'll do as you say."

Up until that point, the only man she had fallen in love with was Joshua Lynch and no other.

Luna, on the other hand...

As soon as she thought of this, Cheryl could not help lifting her head to glance at Luna.

Luna had been holding that man's arm intimately all this while, as though they were a happy couple.

How could a disloyal, two-timing woman like Luna even compare to her?

At this moment, Joshua and Cheryl had already reached the hostess' desk.

The hostess inquired about their names and relationship with the bride and groom.

Joshua curled his lips into an elegant smile and replied, " Joshua Lynch and Cheryl Martin. As for how we're related to the bride and groom..."

He said with a smirk, "I guess you can say we're mortal enemies."

The entire hall fell silent upon hearing this. Everyone turned to stare at Joshua in shock.

Some of the sharper guests recognized him as the CEO of Lynch Group, Joshua Lynch!

"What is he doing here?"

"I can't believe that after almost bankrupting the Landry and Quinn families, he still dares to show his face here!"

"I heard that initially, the Quinn and Landry families didn't need to get married at all, but because they were on the verge of bankruptcy after being attacked by Lynch Group, they had no choice but to marry their son and daughter so that they can merge their assets!"

"I can't believe that he even showed up at their wedding, considering he was the one who forced them into this!"

The whispers and murmurs of the people around them made Cheryl bite her lip nervously. She immediately snuck a glance at Joshua.

He merely stood motionlessly and stared at the hostess with an impassive look. "Come on, write it down."

The hostess hesitated, unsure whether or not to register this man as the bride and groom's 'mortal enemy.'

One of the people in charge surreptitiously gave Malcolm a call.

Soon, Malcolm, dressed in a white suit embroidered with gold trimming, appeared at the hotel entrance.

His outfit was very formal and extravagant.

However, the hat on top of his head seemed to be a jarring contrast to his identity as a groom.

As soon as he walked out, he caught sight of Joshua standing at the door.

Joshua was dressed in a black suit, and there was not a hint of expression on his face.

It seemed as though this man was not here to attend a wedding and, instead, was here to chair a meeting.

Malcolm narrowed his eyes and walked over to them, sneering. "Joshua Lynch, it's a joyous occasion for Heather and me today, so you'd better scam. Don't make me beat you up!"

"Is that so?" Joshua curled his lips into an elegant smile and started adjusting his cuff. "What if making you beat me up is exactly what I want?"

"Are you sure that a man with a head injury like you is a match for me?"

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Malcolm's entire body stiffened when he heard this.

He stared at Joshua with a frown on his face. "Did you spy on me?"

How else could Joshua have known that he had injured his head?

Joshua narrowed his eyes, sneering.

It turned out stupidity was contagious; Malcolm had lost his intelligence after being with Heather for so long.

Malcolm was wearing a hat on such an important occasion...so did he honestly think no one could tell that he had injured his head?

However, since Malcolm's first instinct was that Joshua had spied on him...Joshua had no intention of correcting him.

As soon as he thought of this, Joshua curled his lips into a small smile. "What I'm asking you now is do you think you're a match for me?"

With that, he glanced at Malcolm's hat and added, "Do you suppose you'll be able to go on with your wedding as planned if I punch a hole right into your head?"

Malcolm gritted his teeth upon hearing this. "What else do you know about me?"

He had not thought that Joshua would be able to plant his men at Quinn Mansion!

How many spies were there, and who were they?

Could it be that...he had already found out about Riley's true identity?

Malcolm suddenly began to grow terrified when he recalled that Joshua had only sent a few of his men to trail Hunter instead of most of his man-force as he had anticipated.

Malcolm's men had only managed to infiltrate Nellie's kindergarten that day and started to collect samples of her hair and nails.

If Joshua had already found out the truth...

Malcolm was so nervous that he forgot to retaliate to Joshua's provocation.

Just as everyone was staring at him, anticipating his response, a deep, male voice resonated from behind them, "It's Malcolm and Heather's big day today, so why are you trying to force him to get into a fight with you at the entrance, Mr. Lynch?"

Everyone turned in the direction of the voice.

It was Charles, who slowly walked in their direction, propped up by his butler.

At this moment, Charles had lost all trace of the sickly look he had previously and instead looked radiant and in good health, grinning from ear to ear.

He strode over to Malcolm's side and gently patted his shoulder. "Mr. Lynch must've come to witness your and Heather's grand wedding.

"After all, I hear that he and his ex-wife had never hosted a wedding before, from their marriage to their divorce...so let him go inside to witness what it's like."

With that, Charles let out a small cough and whispered in Malcolm's ear, "After all, we're going to announce the news about Luna tonight, so let him stay."

Since Charles had already made his statement, Malcolm did not feel it was appropriate to go against his soon-to-be father-in-law's wishes.

On top of that, he also knew that Charles had been planning to announce kicking Luna out of the family that same night.

As soon as he thought of this, Malcolm nodded and signaled to the hostess. "Let him come in."

He, too, was curious to see what Joshua's reaction would be when he found out Luna had been kicked out of the family because of him.

After receiving the orders from Malcolm, the hostess quickly got back to her seat and resumed registering Joshua's name.

Charles entered the hall with the butler's help. "Father."

Malcolm took the opportunity to follow after Charles and quickly left.

Seeing that no drama had happened, the crowd around them dissipated.

Satisfied at having been registered as Malcolm's enemy on the guest list, Joshua entered the hall with Cheryl by his side.

This was the first time Cheryl had attended such a grand and lavish event.

She glanced all around her with a look of curiosity and delight.

Seeing how excited she was, Joshua curled his lips into a weak smile and let go of her hand. "If you're curious, you can walk around on your own and have as much food as you want, provided you don't cause trouble for anyone."

After noting down Joshua's seat, Cheryl turned and began sauntering around the hall.

Joshua sat down in his seat and could not help curling his lips into a smirk when he saw Cheryl looking and walking around the place in awe.

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Cheryl was still a young girl, after all.

Joshua let out a sigh and instinctively began searching the crowd for Luna.

Soon, he caught sight of her, sitting in a corner and chatting with Jim.

She was as elegant as always, emanating an aura of grace and tranquility that no one could ignore.

Joshua glanced first at Luna, then at Cheryl, and could not help lamenting how time had passed.

He still remembered that when he and Luna had first gotten married; she had been around Cheryl's age too.

All girls this age must have longed for a grand, lavish wedding like this, did they not?

Suddenly, Joshua recalled what Charles had said just minutes earlier...

"I hear that he and his ex-wife had never hosted a wedding before, from their marriage to their divorce..."

Joshua let out a sigh, and a twinge of guilt crept into his eyes.

He had never given Luna the wedding of her dreams before.

At that time, he had always thought that he would never fall in love with Luna and that the only reason he had married her was to get out of marrying Hailey Walter.

If he had known that he and Luna would end up like this in the future...

He would never have let the most memorable day of her life slip by just like that.

Alas, their relationship was already past its breaking point, so what use was there to ponder over things like this? It served no purpose apart from upsetting himself.

Soon, the wedding ceremony began.

This was indeed the wedding of the century from all aspects of the ceremony, including lighting, music, and venue.

All of them were of great taste and earned the envy of every woman in Merchant City.

The bride and groom appeared at the entrance amongst the melodic music.

Malcolm was wearing a hat, whereas Heather had a ribbon tied around her neck.

The two looked a little strange, but thankfully, these were just minor flaws in an almost flawless wedding ceremony.

After reading their vows and exchanging their rings, the wedding was officially over.

The final part of the event was the cake-cutting.

Malcolm's arms were around Heather, and the two of them looked like a match made in heaven.

Just as the blade of the pastry knife was about to slice into the cake—

The door to the hall burst wide open, and a group of men wearing dark colors strode into the room.

The clothes they wore were inappropriate for the event today.

All of a sudden, the entire hall fell silent.

Onstage, Heather and Malcolm, who were about to cut the cake smilingly, lifted their heads in unison. Heather's smile froze on her face at this sight. All of these men were familiar to her.

These were all of the men she had ever been with, including boyfriends and past flings!

The color drained from her face.

Why were they here? How did they even make it past the guards outside?

What were they doing here, wearing clothes so dark that it seemed like they were attending a funeral?

As though he had registered the surprise on Heather's face, the man at the first of the line lifted his head to stare at her, smiling. "We are all here to pay respects to our dead love.

"Ms. Heather Landry had, at different points of time, promised every one of us that she'd one day let us become the heir to the Landry family.

"We're here to ask you this, Ms. Heather: How come Malcolm Quinn is the one who got to marry you, considering all of us here had slept with you and dated you in the past?"

The entire hall fell silent.

All of a sudden, the crowd erupted into a flurry of chatter.

"Didn't they say that...Ms. Heather had always stayed true to her values and remained a virgin until getting engaged with Master Quinn?"

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"Do you honestly believe that buIIsh*t?

"Don't you know that rich people like them are always out having fun even though they appear like sensible people?"

"You're right; there's probably almost thirty men in this line..."

.....

The audience's whispers and murmurs echoed through the room.

Onstage, Heather's entire body was as stiff as a rock as she held onto the cake knife.

Malcolm narrowed his eyes and asked in a low voice as he let go of her hand, "What on earth is going on?"

Heather was so nervous that she could not even say a word.

What else was she supposed to say? These men were...right.

Every time she slept with them, she would always tell them that she would let them become the future heir of the Landry family so that they would perform better in bed.

After all, everyone knew of the status of the Landry family in Merchant City.

Therefore, no matter who they were and where they came from, every single one of these men would work harder to please Heather after hearing this.

On the other hand, Heather would always ghost them after having fun and go in search of her next target.

Some of them did not bother her, whereas some of them would continue to pester her for this, and every time this happened, she would hire some gangsters to beat those men up.

She had been doing this for many years, yet she never thought that...

These men would come to stir up trouble on her wedding day!

As soon as she thought of this, Heather bit her lip and said in a low voice, "Malcolm, you have to listen to me, I—"

Suddenly, Malcolm's assistant stormed onstage and whispered a few words next to his ear.

Malcolm widened his eyes in shock.

At this same time, the phones of everyone in the room began to chime, and all of the guests lowered their heads to check their phones.

"Quinn Group has lost the final vendor in its supply chain!"

"Their shares have shrunk by two thousand percent!" "Quinn Group has gone bankrupt!"

All of this astonishing news echoed around the room. Luna immediately turned to glance at Jim.

Jim, too, checked his phone. When he felt Luna's gaze on him, he lifted his head to stare at her solemnly. "The Quinn family is going broke after all."

With that, he turned to glance at the corner where Joshua was sitting.

At this moment, Joshua was sipping his wine elegantly, watching the audience's reactions around him.

When he felt Jim's gaze on him, Joshua even raised his glass gracefully in Jim's direction.

Jim narrowed his eyes.

This man was far more merciless and detail-oriented than he thought.

He had deliberately chosen to attack Quinn Group one final time at this crucial moment.

If Jim had not arranged for Heather's ex-boyfriends to show up at the wedding himself, he would have thought that Joshua was the one who did this.

The timing was impeccable.

However...

Jim recalled another thing.

If the Quinn family had gone broke, then how would it affect the Landry family, who had been working in close relation with them?

Luna glanced first at Jim, then at Joshua, and finally lowered her head to check the time.

7 p.m.

She still remembered from the phone conversation the night before that the news of Quinn Group's bankruptcy would be announced at 7 p.m. sharp.

The timing was perfect, not a second too early or too late.

Meanwhile, onstage, both Heather and Malcolm's faces had turned as white as the wall behind them!

Heather bit her lip, glancing at Malcolm. "What's going on?"

"We didn't make it in time." Malcolm gritted his teeth and shot Heather a murderous glare.

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"If you hadn't messed up my plan, I would've been able to get Luna to hand over the money to sustain the operations!"

At this point, the gap in the funding was so large that they could not possibly fill it at all!

If they did not manage to fill the gap within an hour, Quinn Group would go bankrupt!

Malcolm bit his lip and shifted his gaze onto Luna, sitting among the crowd.

She was still sitting on the sofa, watching the commotion as though none of this had anything to do with her.

Malcolm knew that it was no use to ask Luna for help anymore...

The only thing he could do was to let Charles step up.

On one hand, kicking Luna out of the family would strengthen the shareholders' trust in Landry Group. On the other hand, it would allow the Landry family to use their remaining assets to help the Quinn family!

Otherwise, after his efforts of binding the two corporations together over the last six months, Landry Group would also go broke after Quinn Group did!

As soon as he thought of this, Malcolm turned to stare at Charles who sat quietly in a corner.

Since Granny Quinn did not attend the wedding that night, the most respected person in this room was Charles.

Charles was the only one who could settle this commotion.

When he felt Malcolm's gaze on him, Charles curled his lips into a smile and stood up slowly.

He glanced impassively at the men who had come to stir up trouble and said, "Please calm down, everyone. I have an important announcement to make after this."

With that, he glanced at the uninvited guests. "Guards, please escort these men out."

However, the man leading the troupe was not buying this at all. "Why should we go out? We've all come here to claim the justice we deserve from Heather Landry, and if she doesn't give us an answer that is satisfying enough, we won't leave!"

Heather furrowed her brows and snapped frustratedly, "What kind of answer do you want?"

"Even though I slept with all of you in the past, I'm now married, and all of that happened in the past, so how dare you even come to stir up trouble at my wedding?"

As soon as she said this, the entire room fell silent.

Malcolm's expression darkened.

That idiot!

Initially, they could have claimed that these men were just here to stir up trouble after being bribed, but Heather had just admitted to the public that she was a disloyal and promiscuous woman!

Heather's expression darkened when she heard the murmurs and whispers of the crowd beneath her.

She bit her lip and quickly tried to find an excuse for her outburst. "I had never slept with any of you at all! You're all lying and trying to tarnish my reputation!"

This was exactly what the men had been waiting to hear.

The leader smirked and replied, "Heather, are you saying that you've never slept with any of us before?"

With that, he pressed a button on the remote controller he was holding.

The screen, which had previously been displaying Heather and Malcolm's wedding photos, suddenly switched to pictures of Heather.

All of them were pictures of her, naked and in the throes of passion with different men.

All of the men in the photos were different, but the only thing that remained unchanged throughout all the images was Heather.

Some of the wedding guests started to compare the pictures to the men standing before them and realized that they were indeed the same people!

Meanwhile, onstage, Heather stared at these pictures with wide eyes, her entire body frozen as though she had been struck by lightning.

All of these photos were taken without her knowledge.

There were pictures of her with every single man she had ever been with, and the earliest one was five years ago.

She bit her lip.

It was clear that whoever took these photos had been planning this for a long time.

Someone had taken photos of her for the past five years!

This could not possibly be Luna or Joshua's doing, nor could it be Malcolm's.

Heather immediately turned to glance at Jim, who was sitting beneath the stage.

She met his smiling gaze.

When their eyes met, Jim curled his lips into a smirk and mouthed something to her, and Heather could tell what he was trying to say to her even from afar.

"It was me."